The Commonweal

March 4, 1949

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Before a People's Court

Helmuth von Moltke

Word from Paris

Lily Doblhoff

Symbols of Christ

Damasus Winzen

VOLUME XLIX 15c NUMBER 21

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The
COMMONWEAL

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North Atlantic Pact

UP TO WASHINGTON'S Birthday every attempt to come up with a formula pledging American military aid in the case of attack on any signatory of the proposed North Atlantic Pact has failed to get round the Constitution: Article 1, Section 8 states that among other powers, "The Congress shall have power . . . to declare war." This principle seemed uppermost in the minds of veteran Senate members of the Foreign Affairs Committee; it seemed the constant concern of Mr. Acheson and the State Department, who have energetically been seeking the phrases which would satisfy the Western Europeans on the score of immediate American military action in the case they were victims of an attack.

As the debate has proceeded in Washington and the nation's newspaper columns the various alternatives have been paraded. One of the favorites is the Rio formula, to which Senator Taft has just announced his allegiance. According to that, an attack on one of the American states is an attack on all and calls for immediate joint consultation, but no signatory can be compelled to take military action. This Inter-American defense agreement, which is held to be a regional pact as envisaged by the United Nations charter, is a model for the new pact in the minds of a number of influential Senators, but as it stands would be insufficient to meet the need for immediate action demanded by the speed of modern aggression.

Another UN formula to which James Reston of the New York *Times* refers with some enthusiasm is the creation of an international police force under the Security Council as provided in the UN charter, which is already ratified by the United States. Mr. Reston's argument depends on the fact that the ordering of American components of this force—together with its other units—into immediate action in case of aggression would not be hindered by any constitutional obstacles whatsoever. It would be subject to veto (*sic*) only by the President and the American representative on the Security Council. But Mr. Reston's dependence on the immediate setting up of limited international forces runs counter to prevailing American military opinion that even a full-fledged Allied army of 90 divisions could not hold the line in Western Europe.

And so all these efforts to embody in the North Atlantic Pact adequate American military guarantees look unpromising at current writing. The quest for "some sort of carefully phrased promise," some explicit "proof of joint determination," will end with a strongly worded "formal recognition of a community of interest" among the signatories. It is unwise to clamp too fixedly upon George Washington's warning about entangling alliances, but Walter Lippmann has persuasive arguments that the most effective formula in the present impasse is the supplementing of a rather vague North Atlantic formal statement by subsequent and specific temporary military accords. There is a great deal to be said for settling on a new solidarity statement which in itself is not sweeping and does not promise the moon. The practical work of building up a Western Union goes on.

Meanings of Treason

TWENTY PERSONS accused of selling military, political and industrial information to the Czech government were apprehended on November 9th by the US military government in Munich. As a result, a spy trial so secret that the identity of the defendant or defendants, the sentences, the sex and nationality of the accused, would all be concealed, was scheduled to open on February 16th before a US military tribunal.

The US Army's "official release" on Dr. Sorge and his Russian spy-ring, though rather out-dated (*Plain Talk* issued a summary in May, 1948), was handed out to the Press last week and mentioned writers Agnes Smedley and Guenther Stein. The public apology, by Colonel Eyster, the Deputy Chief of the Army's Public Information Division (he said the report should not have been made public in the form in which it was released)

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was made after Guenther Stein's hurried exit to Europe, and after *Time* had headed the story "A timely reminder" that Communism is best served abroad not by Russians but by natives of the capitalist countries. *Newsweek* also printed the story, without the retraction, as a *"Spy story with a moral"*—the moral being that what the Russian espionage service had succeeded in doing in Japan, it could just as well do again in the US.

Ezra Pound, under indictment for treason against the US, was chosen as first recipient of the annual Bollingen Prize (worth $1,000) for poetry. His "Pisan Cantos" which were written while he was a prisoner of the US army at Pisa, were chosen by judges who were his peers: top-ranking poets and writers all, amongst whom Conrad Aiken, W. H. Auden, T. S. Eliot, Robert Lowell, Karl Shapiro, and Katherine Ann Porter. Pound has been in a mental asylum in Washington since 1945; if released, he must stand trial.

Cecil Palmer, brought to this country from his native England, under the auspices of the National Economic Council, is campaigning vigorously to persuade the USA to withdraw Marshall Plain aid from Great Britain as it is a Socialist country. Recently, by his own boast, he addressed 30 Senators and 40 Members of the House in Washington. He claims to have convinced them that it is only by starving out the British people that they can be persuaded to vote against their present government.

What these four, otherwise unrelated, items have in common is, perhaps, a certain flashlight quality. They illumine, if only sectionally, if only momentarily, the ever-darkening features of the nature of treason. Was Alcibiades a traitor? Was Catiline? Was George Washington? Was Cardinal Mindszenty? And to whom?

If a German today, in the American zone, sells secrets to the Czech government, to whom is he a traitor? To the German "Uncleland"—as Ernst Reuter, the non-Communist Mayor of Berlin, called it in London? To the occupying forces? To Christendom? And a poet who preferred Fascism, an Englishman who would rather see his country starved than Socialist—how burns the fire of patriotism in these?

The Church has always placed upon the individual conscience the ultimate decisions of loyalty, as of faith. The Fascist, the Communist, the atheist today, have the same spiritual and intellectual freedom the heretic had when Europe was Catholic. But there are no longer two powers: from Caesar the only appeal is now to Caesar. Yet loyalty is the secular equivalent of faith, and is the proving ground of the individual conscience. And still here, the Church asserts, the individual conscience is the sole judge: Cardinal Mindszenty's duty is as Helmuth von Moltke's was (in the Nazi court that condemned him to death in 1945), to keep a personal pact between himself and his Creator.

If, says Hegel, the security and protection, the property and personal freedom of the individual as such are regarded as the ultimate purpose of the social union, then it is at one's option to be a member of the state. But it is the state that is the objective spirit, he declares, and the individual has his truth, his real existence, and his ethical status only in being a member of it.

Two loves have created two cities, even here: and there are two treasons. Who, in the four examples cited, are guilty of which treason, is for every reader to decide: as, no doubt, in conscience, all the providers of the examples did.

The Economics of Lent

THE public and private people concerned seem to agree that there is something of a "lag" in retail sales. There are no sweeping statistics of decline to scare us, but purchases are not going up the way they were, and the fact is being talked about. There is a professional debate among retailers and promotion men about the cause of the lag, and about means to combat it.

The ideas which seem to be taken for granted in these discussions, ought not be taken for granted. The first thing understood, of course, is that a sales lag in the US is deplorable, practically by definition, and must be combatted. *All* "sales lag" is assumed to be bad. All buying by consumers is taken to be good (although perhaps the more responsible business men would presumably say, provided the customer can really pay and keep himself in good standing for the future).

There is no overwhelming reason to take all this for granted. In fact, the existence of these assumptions indicates the questionable character of our whole business and general cultural set-up. In so far as a falling off in sales produces unemployment and greater insecurity, it is bad and tragic, certainly, of course. But the sun and the moon and the stars don't dictate that a fall in sales of commodities in American stores has got to bring insecurity, unemployment, poverty. It is not nature but the big industrial, big market system which dictates that. Indeed, the way some obvious questions do *not* arise in proper professional business conversations points to radical inadequacies in the present way of doing things. There are too few and too feeble queries about the actual things people are buying or not buying or are supposed to buy; about what good or harm it does various people to want to buy various things; what good or harm it may do a person to get or not get the items offered. What a really stupid situation to have people morally obligated to buy and possess everything they can buy and possess, all the time!

The following excerpts are from the first business page of the New York *Sun*, a thoroughly

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substantial and respectable evening newspaper: "Sharp differences of opinion exist as to the causes of the lag in retail sales. A fairly large and representative minority holds that price resistance may not be the dominant factor. It also contends that price adjustments alone will not open the clogged pipelines of distribution ["Distribution" seems to us an inadequate word; "sales manufacturing," or "creative promotion," or something like that would tell more.] . . .

"Low geared promotional activity, it asserts, reflected that apathy that arose from complacent faith in the power of record national income to force consumption. [Really beautiful words and conceptions!] In the same vein, abnormally low ratios of promotional costs to sales are offered as evidence of a widespread misconception of cause and effect. They are described as the product of pent-up demand, now greatly diminished, if not exhausted, rather than the result of more productive selling. . . ."

We firmly believe that the American economic system is the best one current in the world. But it can't really claim to provide properly and adequately for the season of Lent. (What are they getting for sackcloth and ashes in your market?)

Salazar Holds an Election

SINCE 1926 the President of Portugal has been Oscar de Fragoso Carmona, a man whose name in Portuguese politics is eclipsed by that of Premier Antonio de Oliveira Salazar. A former professor, Dr. Salazar, as Prime Minister, has had the real political control in Portugal these past twenty years; a capable economist and administrator, Salazar has wiped out Portugal's formerly chronic budget deficits and turned the Portuguese escudo into a strong currency. This, and other successful corporate-state policies, have earned for him a reputation as a sort of mild, retiring dictator without a uniform.

During the war Portugal traded profitably with both sides and put away $754,000,000 as a reserve fund in the National Bank; since then, however, she has had an unfavorable foreign trade balance, and has had trouble with inflation. Prices and wages are still not in line, and last year an outbreak of industrial strikes (which are prohibited under Portugal's system of government-sponsored corporations and syndicates) gave Salazar something to worry about. Already the low standard of living among Portugal's poorer classes had become cause for grumbling against the Carmona-Salazar régime.

In answer to this grumbling, Salazar decided to let an aging statesman with long experience in Portuguese politics, Gen. Norton de Mattos, become an opposition candidate for President in the first contested election in 22 years. Salazar allowed the opposition 40 days to campaign, and Mattos stated his position in these terms: "My candidature is a fight against the present régime in Portugal to establish democracy. I present myself unconnected with any parties, creeds or ideologies. I am not conservative, nor trade unionist, nor Communist, nor monarchist; I am a liberal, like the British Liberals, and as such I believe in democracy in its fullest sense." When government politicians accused Mattos of having Communist support, the Democratic and Liberal backers of the General emphatically deplored the intervention of Moscow broadcasts in favor of Mattos and repudiated Communist interference. As a guarantee of a free election, Mattos requested from the government equal rights to supervise the voting; when these requests were not met satisfactorily, he withdrew his name on the eve of election, and on February 13th the people of Portugal once again had only Carmona to vote for. General de Mattos' farewell statement explaining his withdrawal was suppressed on technical grounds.

As this affair demonstrates, Salazar has done little in 20 years to develop in Portugal the technique of a free, democratic election—or as General de Mattos puts it, "democracy in its fullest sense." To delay this much longer is to flirt with the unhappy fate that modern history seems to assign dictators, one by one. What Salazar's opposition also maintains is that among Portugal's eight millions there are too many destitute peasants, for whom the government has not done all it could; a low standard of living can exist side by side with a balanced budget, and here again modern history is enough to convince anyone that low standards of living are the stuff of revolutions. Fear of communism and suppression of popular government cannot permanently hold out against discontent or poverty. In Portugal, as in all Europe, it is simply a matter of who gets there first with either liberal reform or revolution.

THIS WEEK a tabulation is being made from more than seven hundred questionnaires filled in by COMMONWEAL *subscribers. (More than thirty-seven percent of those chosen by lot to receive these "ballots" answered.) The results will indicate a number of interesting things about the magazine and its readers and will be published here in the near future.*

The editors are grateful for the interest indicated by the phenomenally high proportion of returns; the comments and suggestions on editorial policy have been particularly helpful. It is a source of regret that we have simply been unable individually to acknowledge the suggestions of those who identified themselves by signing their questionnaires.

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Before a People's Court

"I stood there as a Christian and as nothing else."

WHEN CARDINAL Mindszenty was tried and sentenced to life imprisonment, he stood before what is called a "People's Court." At such a Court, there is a presiding "judge," flanked by a small panel of party members. There is a prosecutor who is a first-class propagandist; there is a defense counsel, assigned by the party, who spends most of his time apologizing and clearing the ground for the prosecution. The accused is always guilty; defense speeches are useless; the defendants mysteriously "confess" and are then dragged off to their fate.

This is the way the "People's Court" functions; it has become the institution of "justice" for the police state, and a particularly sinister one, hiding as it does behind the false face of a true, democratic trial by jury.

As an institution, the "People's Court" has had a melancholy history all its own, one chapter of which was written in Berlin in 1945. There, before a Nazi People's Tribunal, Count Helmuth James von Moltke stood charged with treason, as an accomplice in the plot to assassinate Hitler. The prosecutor was Freisler. On trial with von Moltke was, among others, a Jesuit priest from Munich, Father Delp. Since the prosecution could not prove that von Moltke took any active part in the assassination attempt led by Gördeler (von Moltke actually was in jail months before the bomb went off), he could be charged only with having held meetings, at his Kreisau estate and elsewhere, at which discussions were held to determine who would take over authority from the Nazis in the event of a German defeat.

Just before he was executed, von Moltke secretly wrote letters to his wife and had them smuggled out of prison to her. In these letters, which have never before been published in the United States, von Moltke has left for us a penetrating and moving exposé of just what a trial before a "People's Court" really is. Through the courtesy of Miss Dorothy Thompson, we present here excerpts from von Moltke's last two letters to his wife, Countess von Moltke.

—THE EDITORS.

TRANSLATION OF LETTERS BY HELMUTH VON MOLTKE TO HIS WIFE AFTER HIS TRIAL

Berlin, Jan. 10, 1945.

MY DEAR,

What a stroke of luck! I have been brought back here to Tegel once again, so that the dice, which seemed to have fallen foresquare, are once more balancing on edge, so to speak. So I can avail myself of this breathing-space to write a report.

It [the trial] took place in a small hall, which was full to bursting. Looked as though it had once been a school-room. After a long introduction from Freisler concerned with formalities—that the trial was secret, veto on reporting it, etc.—Schulze read out the indictment, and again only the short text, as in the warrant for arrest. Then they called on Delp, whose two policemen stepped up alongside him. The procedure was as follows: Freisler, whom Hercher has very accurately described as talented, ingenious, unperceptive, and all three in plenty, outlined one's career, one confirmed or supplemented what he said, and then he got down to the facts which concerned him. Here he picked out just those that suited his book, and left the rest alone. . . .

And now for the second day. That was where my turn came. We started off quite mildly but very fast, practically break-neck. Thank goodness I'm quick in the uptake and could take Freisler's pace in my stride; which, incidentally, obviously pleased us both. But if he carried on like that with someone not particularly quick-witted, the victim would have been tried and condemned before he so much as noticed that Freisler had passed beyond the preliminary account of his career. Up to and including the conversation with Gördeler and my position with regard to it, everything went quite smoothly and without much fuss.

At this point I objected that the police and the security authorities had known all about it. This gave Freisler paroxysm No. 1. A hurricane was let loose, he banged on the table, went the color of his robe, and roared out, "I won't stand that; I won't listen to that sort of thing." And so it

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went on the whole time. As I knew in any case how it would turn out, it all made no odds to me; I kept cool and looked him squarely in the eye, which he obviously didn't care about, and all of a sudden could not keep myself from smiling. This spread to the officials sitting left and right of Freisler, and to Schulze. I wish you could have seen Schulze's expression. If a man were to jump off the bridge over the crocodiles' pond at the Zoo, I don't think the consternation could be greater. Well anyhow, that exhausted the subject. . . .

But now came the crux of the whole thing. "And who was present? a Jesuit father! Of all people, a Jesuit father! And a Protestant Minister, and three others who were later condemned to death for complicity in the July 20 plot! And not a single National Socialist! no, not one! Well, all I can say is, now we're really getting the dirt. . . .

*

TAKING it all in all, this emphasis on the religious aspect of the case corresponds with the real circumstances, and shows that Freisler is, after all, a good judge from the political angle. This gives us the inestimable advantage of being killed for something which (a) we really have done, and which (b) is worthwhile. But that I should die as a martyr for Saint Ignatius Loyola—which is what it ultimately amounts to, since all the rest was secondary by comparison—really is comical, and I already tremble at the thought of Papi's paternal indignation, since he was always so anti-Catholic. The rest he will approve, but that! Even Mami won't be wholly in agreement.

(Something else for the record has just occurred to me. He asked me, "Now do you appreciate that you are guilty?" I in effect said: "No." Whereupon Freisler: "Look here, if you still can't see it, if it still has to be drummed into you, then that shows that you are living in a world of your own, and by your own act have cut yourself off from the fighting fellowship of the nation.")

The best thing about a judgment reached on such lines is this. It is established that at no time did we design to use force; it is further established that we did not take a single, solitary step towards setting up any sort of organization, nor question anyone as to his readiness to take over any particular post; though the indictment stated otherwise. We merely *thought*. . . . And in face of the thoughts of these . . . isolated men, their mere thoughts, National Socialism gets in such a panic that it wants to root out everything they may have infected. There's a compliment for you! This trial sets us poles apart from the Gördeler faction and its sordid aftermath, right apart from all practical activity; we are to be hanged for thinking together. Freisler is right, a thousand times right, and if we must die now, I am all in favor of our perishing on this issue. . . .

But for various reasons—above all because he made it clear that I was opposed in principle to large estates, that I had no class or sectional interests at heart, not even any personal ae to grind, but stood for the cause of all mankind—for all these reasons Freisler has unwittingly done us great service, in so far as it may prove possible to spread this story and make full use of it. And indeed, in my view, this should be done both at home and abroad. For our case histories provide documentary proof that it is neither plots nor plans but the very spirit of man that is to be hunted down. Long live Freisler!

January 11, 1945.

MY DEAREST,

. . . I must say quite decidedly that the closing hours of a man's life are no different from any others. I had always imagined that one would have no feeling beyond shock, and that one would keep saying to oneself, "This is the last time you'll see the sun go down, this is the last time you'll go to bed, you've only twice more to hear the clock strike twelve." But there's no question of any of that. Perhaps I'm a bit "crackers," I don't know, but I cannot deny that I feel in the best of spirits at the moment. I can only pray to our Heavenly Father that he will maintain me in them, since to die so is obviously easier for the flesh. How good God has been to me! I must risk its sounding hysterical, but I'm so filled with gratitude that there's really room for nothing else. His guidance of me was so sure and clear during those two days. Had the whole court been in uproar, had Herr Freisler and the surrounding walls dissolved before my eyes, it would have made no difference to me. I felt exactly as it says in Isaiah, chapter 43, verse 2: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee," . . . that is to say upon thy soul. When I was called upon to make my final statement, I was minded to say, "Slay my body, destroy my good name, wreak your will on my wife and child, do your worst, you still have not the victory, Right is still on our side." But that would only have made things worse for the others. So I merely said, "I have nothing further I wish to say, Herr President."

Now there remains but a short, hard way before me, and I can only pray that God will continue as good to me as He has been hitherto. Eugen has written out for us for this evening,

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Luke, chapter 5, verses 1-11. He meant it differently, but it is true all the same, that today has been a day of great comprehension for me, and that tonight I can say with all my heart, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." And yesterday, dearest, we read this beautiful passage. "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." Thanks be, my dearest, before all things, to God. Thanks also to your dear self, for your intercessions, and thanks to all those who have prayed for us and for me. That I, weak, fainthearted, complex, and of only very average worth, should have been allowed to experience this! Were I now to be reprieved—which I swear is no more and no less likely than it was a week ago—I must avow that I should have my way to find all over again, so absolute has been the demonstration of God's presence and mighty power. He shows us these, and shows them quite unmistakably, precisely when He deals with us as we ourselves should not choose. All other theories are nonsense. . . .

*

THE FOLLOWING, as it turned out, was the really dramatic thing about the trial. During the proceedings all factual charges had proved to be untenable, and were dropped. Finally nothing was left but this (which, however, struck such terror into the Third Reich that it had to condemn five men—ultimately the number will be seven—to death). It was established that a private individual, namely myself, had discussed with two ecclesiastics, both of them Protestants, with a Provincial of the Jesuits, and with a number of Bishops, matters "which are the exclusive concern of the Führer"—*and all this without the smallest intention of taking any active steps* (this too was established). The discussion had embraced no question connected with State or party organization. All suggestion of that fell away during the course of the proceedings, and Schulze, in his summing up, went out of his way to declare that this case "differs radically from all parallel cases, in that the conversations broached no subject connected with revolt or organized opposition"—whereas the question under discussion was the practical furthering of the Christian ethic, nothing more. And it is for that alone that we stand condemned. Freisler said to me in the course of one of his tirades, "Only in one respect does National Socialism resemble Christianity; we demand the whole allegiance of man, both of body and of soul." I don't know whether the others sitting there took it all in, for it was a sort of dialogue between Freisler and me—a dialogue of the spirit, since I did not get the chance actually to say much—in the course of which we got to know one another through and through. Freisler was the only one of the whole gang who thoroughly understood me, and the only one of them who realized why he must lay me by the heels. There was no talk of "a tortuous character," of "complicated thinking," or of "conflicting ideologies." No, only that the "cat was out of the bag." But only so far as Herr Freisler was concerned. It was as though we were talking to one another in a vacuum. He made no jokes at my expense, as he did against Delp and Eugen. No, in my case it was all grimmest earnest. "From whom do you take your orders, from the still small voice or from Adolf Hitler? Where lie your duty and your allegiance?" . . .

*

A LONG PAUSE, during which Buchholz was here, and I was shaved, and had some coffee, sandwiches and cake. Now I take up my tale again. The decisive phrase in the proceedings was, "Herr Graf, Christianity has one thing in common with us National Socialists, and one thing only; we insist on the whole allegiance of men." I wonder whether he really understands what he said there. Just think how wonderfully God has molded this, His unworthy vessel. At the very moment when the danger became acute, that I might be drawn into active preparations for a rising, . . . I was removed, so that I was and am innocent of all connection with measures for violent action. Then He endued me with this socialistic bias, which frees me, as a great landowner, from any suspicion of self-interest. Then He humbled me as I have never been humbled before, so that I had to lay aside all pride, and at last, after 38 years, came to a full understanding of my sinfulness, so that I learnt to pray for His forgiveness and to trust in His grace. Then He brought me here, so that I may see you standing fast, which means that I can be free of thought for you and the boys—that is to say, of worry about you. He gave me the time to settle and arrange everything that can be settled, so that all earthly cares may fall away. Then He let me taste in all their bitterness the agony of parting, the terror of death, and the fear of Hell, so that these also are behind me. Then He endows me with Faith, Hope and Charity, and with such full measure that it is really overwhelming. Then He gave me the chance to talk with Eugen and Delp, and clear up various points. Then He allowed Roach and Konig to escape, because of which the trial did not amount to an indictment of Jesuits. And then, at the last mo-

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ment, Delp was led to join us. Then He let Steltzer and Haybach, whose cases might have introduced unnecessary complications, be dealt with separately, so that finally Eugen, Delp and I stood, to all intents and purposes, alone. Then He induces Eugen and Delp, because of the earthly hopes they still cherish, a weakness so that their cases become quite secondary, and by this means the denominational bias falls away. And so finally your consort, selected as a Protestant, is attacked and condemned primarily because of my friendship with Catholics, which means that I stood before Freisler not as a Protestant, not as a great landowner, not as a noble, not as a Prussian, not as a German even—all that was definitely eliminated earlier in the trial, as is evident from Sperr's statement, "I couldn't help thinking what an extraordinary type of Prussian." No, I stood there as a Christian and as nothing else. "The cat is, indeed, out of the bag," as Herr Freisler says. Yes, all other categories fell away—as Schulze said, "a man whom his fellow Junkers would naturally cold-shoulder." That I should have been chosen to set such a mighty example! All the pains God has taken with me, the intricate twists and turns of conduct, the everlasting tacking . . . purport of it all was suddenly revealed within an hour on January 10, 1945. All that seemed obscure becomes plain and consecutive: Mami and Papi, the brothers and sister, the boys, Kreisau and its needs, the labor camp, my hatred of flag-wagging and refusal to join the Party or any of its offshoots, Curtis and the journeys to England, Adam and Peter and Carlo, all that becomes intelligible at last, within the span of one brief hour. And to think that God gave Himself so much trouble, just for that one hour! . . .

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My beloved, my life draws to its close, and I can truthfully say of myself, "He died in fullness of years and of life's experience." That does not imply that I would not gladly go on living, that I would not gladly walk further at your side along life's way. But for that I should need a new task from God, since the one for which He created me stands completed. If He has another task for me to do, then it will be made clear to us. Therefore go steadily ahead with your efforts to save my life, in case I should survive this day. Perhaps, after all, He will set me another task.

I will stop, since there is no more to say, I have not named any whom I would have you greet or salute for me, since you knew well whom my affections embrace. All the texts that we both love are enshrined in my heart, as they are in yours. But I would end by saying to you from the depths of my being, and from the fullness of that treasure wherewith He hath filled this particular earthen vessel,

> "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all evermore. Amen."

Word from Paris

Notes on current French political psychology

Lily Doblhoff

THERE IS NO doubt that the general barometer in France is—and even more so *was,* until a short while ago—recording, if not "Fair" as in Italy, at least "Improving" or "Fairly Stable." This is welcomed by all as a happy and unexpected change considering the insecurity and tension that prevailed throughout the autumn and the winter. This turn for the better began after the failure of the strikes brought a modified attitude on the part of the workers, who came to understand that they might well lose more than they gained by political strikes fomented and supported by Communist tactics. It seems that the Communists themselves are aware of this change among the working classes and that this is one of the reasons for the great "peace offensive" launched by M. Cachin.

The second factor behind this improvement in the general climate is the success of the loan launched by the Government. At first it was only natural for the public to have doubts about its results, for loans of this kind are based exclusively on French public confidence. The speech which Prime Minister Henri Queuille delivered before the Anglo-American Press Association reported figures that proved that this confidence is there. These words of a solid, bourgeois person, such as the Prime Minister, made an impression of utter honesty, while his references to domestic political complications and the small danger which they represented was typically French and resulted in first-class repercussions in France and abroad. When he calmly acknowledged how difficult it was for foreigners to understand "the disconcerting political habits and the deceptive appearance of instability" they observed in France, and when he begged them to take "this people as they were," to believe, that "France must really be on her feet when government crises could be allowed to arise as frequently as they did under the Third Republic, and when these crises caused so little fundamental disturbance," his words seemed, by their simple realism, to have sounded the right chord. Frenchmen

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seemed to be pleased to hear such straightforward and honest words and were glad that a leading statesman had told the other countries of the world that crises in France did not mean domestic danger or instability—the conclusion which many political observers like to draw, primarily in Anglo-Saxon countries. Even taking this more favorable climate into account, there are nevertheless a few traditional factors that have a decisive influence on the French course of events and the political scene which must be examined in detail in order to arrive at a fairly accurate picture of French criticisms, aspirations and illusions. They are:

1. The geographical situation of France which has made her the victim of three invasions within the last hundred years.
2. Frenchmen are rationalists and are strictly logical in dealing with most aspects of life but they are deeply emotional and passionate when it comes to party politics.
3. Frenchmen are so strongly interested in national affairs that domestic policies are of much greater interest to them than foreign policy. Hence the French political arena revolves mostly around domestic political events such as party figures, local and national elections and the like.

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ONCE YOU are aware of these component elements in the French atmosphere, you are able better to understand the often unexpected reactions encountered in this people, reactions which mislead many foreigners who love France and who are distressed not to be able to understand her at certain critical moments.

Since the first of these points has such far-reaching influence on world affairs, I should like to deal with it later.

The first falling-off from the above-mentioned "Fairly Stable" reading on the political barometer came from the violent attack launched by the Communists, as well as the Gaullists, against the incumbent Minister of Justice, M. André Marie, a prominent member of M. Queuille's Radical Party, and himself Premier a few months ago. The Communists were the first to take up the charge of "economic collaboration" and the firm in question, Sainrapt and Brice, was proved to have earned many millions for its part in building the Atlantic Wall under the German occupation. Yet the firm was again at work and was making excellent profits in big building contracts. Soon the Gaullists joined in the fray and the Minister of Justice, answering in Parliament the attacks launched against him, bitterly reproached the Gaullists for having their weekly paper, *Rassemblement*, come off the press earlier than usual so as to sell it under "sensational" headlines in front of the Stock Exchange, on one of the first days of the National Loan, when such a new political "scandal" could easily endanger the loan and the economic equilibrium of the country.

But at the outset, everyone who feared that the "building-up" of this new political economic scandal as a weapon against the stability of a well-intentioned government was highly pleased when the Assembly twice within a week gave M. Marie a vote of confidence, first, by 369 votes to 207, and then by 322 to 219. Since then it appears that the optimism of those who believed that French political scandals would be resolved silently behind the scenes was not justified. These scandals seem to be popular here as weapons against a party leader or a party in general. And so André Marie's illness occurred at precisely the right moment to force him to retire and thus withdraw from the Government limelight.

The MRP (Popular Republican Movement) finally also gave way to the "anxieties" expressed by the extreme parties, and referred to the danger of setting up a "precedent" if the Sainrapt-Brice affair were passed over. That is to say, they insisted that after the investigations on political collaboration had been concluded, the field of economic collaboration should be thoroughly looked into.

In any case the "affair André Marie" having to do with a man of sound reputation and undoubted good-will, not to mention moderate political principles, is a good illustration of the thesis that for all their rationalism "Frenchmen are deeply emotional and passionate when it comes to party politics."

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IT IS NECESSARY to follow closely and in detail the way the French press deals with every smallest piece of news concerning the development of the Atlantic Pact to see clearly my third point about the overwhelming importance of interest in national affairs in French public opinion. The Atlantic Pact and the details which have been made public about it concern Frenchmen not only because of the national security it might provide but also because of anxiety that France might be compelled to make greater concessions, to "give more," than what the United States might grant in return. That the final decision on the Atlantic Pact seems to have suffered some delay because of the problem created by the American Constitution (which excludes any automatic participation in a war, even one caused by an aggressor, and leaves to the American Senate the final word) has caused some worry in France. It was interpreted in some quarters as a pretext for "leaving the door open," so that

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the Senate should still have the opportunity at the last moment to refuse to permit American military participation against an aggressor.

Needless to say, the Communists make ample use of this strong French national feeling and passionately they — the party of the Internationale—emphasize that the present Government is selling out France to American dollar imperialism, giving up naval and air bases without a guarantee of reciprocity. And I must add, in order to give an exact report on France, that these charges get a hearing and even credit in many quarters—which proves how delicate the problem of national susceptibility is even when there are such dangers as imperil the whole world in this year of the Lord 1949.

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BEFORE I ARRIVE at Point 1, which represents the most influential element in the French situation, I must make a brief reference to Communist and Gaullist hostility and—however incredible it may sound—collaboration. For the fact that the passionate Communist-Gaullist antagonism develops at certain moments into common action against the Government indicates, better than many pages of explanation, that party passions *against* Third Force, moderate government might bring to the same platform such violent opponents as the two political extremes now active in France. While General de Gaulle in all his speeches—including the speech delivered in Lille on February 13—emphasizes the unrelenting struggle he and his movement wish to continue against Communism, the two groups do collaborate in attacks against the Government or a member of it, at least as far as press attacks, and sometimes even voting in the Assembly, are concerned. These *"passagère"* collaborations seek a similar goal: the elimination of a leader known for his balanced, moderate principles. Of course it is often a question merely of tactics. There are many who believe that neither Communists nor Moscow would be sorry if the Gaullists were to take over, as this might present the opportunity to bring the struggle out into the open —but considering that General de Gaulle is also apprehensive about the preponderance of American influence, it is hard to see clearly what the fight would be about.

And now for the problem that overshadows every other consideration in this country, the problem of peace. All the items I have touched on up to now are of lesser importance, for the question of peace or war is ever present in every thought of private citizens and in every step that politicians take, in votes or abstentions.

France obviously has more reason to fear a conflict than other European countries, although no one is allowed to have illusions as to individual or national fates if a conflagration should break out. But France has had to endure the sufferings of three invasions within a century, and most Frenchmen still remember having lived through at least two enemy occupations. This is too much for a nation and it explains the horrified reaction which even the possibility of a conflict awakens in every Frenchman. Of course there is hardly a human being who does not pray that the horrors of another war may be avoided and humanity spared. But there are nations who are willing—perhaps in the light of greater political realism—to look *facts* in the face and to draw the consequences. There are nations who take into consideration whether tyranny is not an even greater danger to ultimate and lasting peace than death—and whether dictatorial movements which endanger freedom do not automatically have to go in for outright invasion in the end.

These two considerations are overlooked by Frenchmen with the obvious exception of responsible men who do not want to hide their heads in the sand. These men know that war can be prevented only by the strengthening of the forces of democratic freedom and they accept the sacrifices required by such an attitude.

At the same time a large sector of French public opinion, primarily an important number of the intellectuals, believe that a final clash between East and West, Communism and Capitalism, Christianity and Atheism, might be avoided by creating a climate of mutual understanding. By building a bridge which would, if not link these two opposed conceptions, make contacts between the two shores possible and fruitful.

These considerations have given birth in France to movements which are difficult to understand in other countries unless one's eyes are kept steadily fixed on this "longing for peace." No doubt this is what made it possible for Garry Davis, The First Citizen of the World, to find well-known writers, and idealistic thinkers of world renown, to build up around him a movement supported by the important daily paper, *Combat,* which once a week even prints a whole page devoted to the "People of the World." Figures such as Camus, Claude Bourdet and Vercors, to cite the best known, give time and moral support to this movement; they accept a young GI as a symbol and banner of this idea, which appears to be an illusion, even if an admirable illusion. Does it not sound deceptive to read articles by these believers which state emphatically that aggression *cannot* come from the East, that war has to be started from quarters which possess the atomic bomb! Do they no longer remember that the aggression of 1939 was launched by Nazi Germany *together with* the Soviets?

Or does it not sound like an illusion to hear

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the faith which these wonderful idealists put in each word of M. Cachin, not to speak of Marshal Stalin's interviews? For they passionately underline every pallid ray of hope for an outstretched hand on the part of the Communists, oblivious that Mr. Molotov at the very moment Stalin launched his peace message (and I believe that the two men have some slight sort of connection) threatened a small democratic and free nation such as Norway. Is it not amazing that such idealism works in only one direction and is it not even more astounding that such honest idealism does not feel compelled to stand up for human and religious rights or imperiled small nations? Possibly it is because these idealists have suffered occupation by only one invader and have not enough imagination to foresee the possibility of invasion from elsewhere.

Seeing this, is not the conclusion inevitable that a realistic view would be more useful toward peace and for humanity than poetical, idealistic illusions? I recall that after the "other war" that most beautiful film, "The Great Illusion," was shown in France and all of us enthusiastically believed in the feasibility of human brotherhood and collaboration for which it stood, only to be cruelly disillusioned within a quarter of a century.

But that "Great Illusion" also was born in France and at that moment, too, sprang from the French longing for everlasting peace. . . .

Symbols of Christ

Damasus Winzen

THE WORD "symbol" is derived from the Greek "symballein" which means "to piece together." It was a widespread custom in antiquity that the host broke a potsherd or a ring and gave one half to his guest, retaining the other half. When the guest came back, the one half of the potsherd fitting into the other proved him a guest with the right of hospitality. The "symbol" made him at home.

God has created this visible world as a "symbol," as the one half of the potsherd; His Divine Wisdom, which was with Him as His master workman when He marked the foundations of the earth, being the other half. Then God created man and breathed His Spirit into him that he should fit the world to God's Wisdom and thus prove himself at home in God's house. "The wheel of creation revolves with a circumference embracing all that man's eye can reach, and he stands as the center of the circle, the visible god of this lower world" (Herder, *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry,* tr. by J. Marsh, vol. II, p. 7). In searching out the essence of things, giving names to all and praising God in His works, man was a priest officiating in the temple of this world. But when he yielded to the temptation of the serpent and wanted to be wiser than God, "his eyes were opened," as it was said sarcastically in Holy Scripture (*Genesis* 3, 7) and he saw, not God, but himself, his own flesh. "God has made everything beautiful in its time. He has set the world into man's heart, yet man cannot find out the work that God has done from the beginning even to the end" (*Ecclesiastes* 3, 11). Man had lost the "symbol." He had lost his home. From now on he lived as an exile, not as a guest, in this world.

To protect the secrets of His heart from the profane ears and eyes of an unholy generation, God concealed His Wisdom in the signs and parables of the Old Testament. "Hearing they hear and understand not: and see visions and know it not. Blind the heart of this people and make their ears heavy and shut their eyes: lest they see with their eyes and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and be converted and I heal them" (*Isaias* 6, 9/10). After a long time of speaking in parables and uttering dark sayings (*Ps.* 77, 2) Christ came, and after His resurrection He "opened their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures" (*Luke* 25, 45). In other words, He gave to His disciples, to all those who are reborn in the water and the Holy Spirit, the Old Testament as their "symbol" that they may fit it to the Divine Wisdom incarnate, crucified and risen, and thus prove themselves to be at home in the house of the Father of Jesus Christ. On Pentecost God set the Old Testament into the hearts of the faithful as He once had set the world into man's heart when He breathed His spirit into him at the beginning of history.

That it may not be said again: "Yet the faithful cannot find out the work that God has done from the beginning even to the end," the following pages are written. They try to give a strictly scriptural interpretation of those symbols of the Old Testament which refer to the Messias. From the texts given underneath each symbol the reader can easily see how these symbols of the Messias are like red threads which go through the whole of the two testaments and knit them together into a marvelous unity. The explanations which follow try to show the harmony between the natural and the scriptural meaning of the symbol. Christ really is the "recapitulation" of the universe. In Him all things have found their head.

But, at the same time, the symbols of the Old Testament differ essentially from the mere cosmic symbolism of any pagan religion. To pagan thinking symbols like the sun or the tree are embodiments of the healing powers inherent in nature. They never point to a *Saviour* who, through his personal sacrificial love, heals the wounds of

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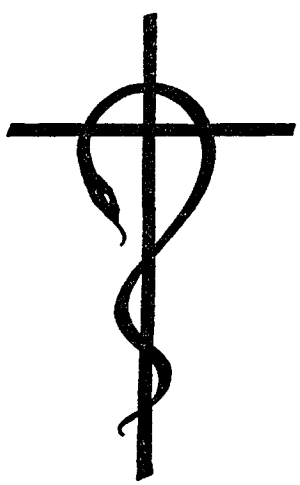
human guilt and restores an order which had been destroyed by sin. Symbols like the Burning Bush and the Brazen Serpent, which foreshadow the Incarnation and the Crucifixion, have no parallel in pagan symbolism. Symbols which are universal, as the Tree, the Cross, the Mountain, the Sun, etc., receive in Holy Scripture, over and above their "natural" meaning, a new significance pointing to the work of Redemption. Especially the glory of the resurrection radiates from each one of the Old Testament symbols. This is not surprising when we consider that the meaning of a symbol in ancient times was not so much the conveying of an idea to the mind than the communication of life to the whole being of man. The cross, for example, never was an illustration of an abstract truth, but a sign, a "sacramental" which represents and causes the "wholeness" of life. This "sacramental" character of the cross remains in the Christian use of the symbol, but now it derives its healing power from the fact that it represents the lifegiving death of Christ.

All the symbols explained here in this series represent the *fullness* of the salvation wrought by Christ. They are not limited to one aspect of Christ's work. They comprehend the whole history of Redemption, uniting the beginning and the end. (THE COMMONWEAL is able in its Lenten series each week to include but eight in all of the "Symbols of Christ" from the author's two booklets, one on Old Testament symbols and the other, New Testament.)

To contemplate them is, therefore, a preparation for that blissful vision in which we shall some time see all things in God's Word.



The Brazen Serpent

"And the Lord said to Moses: Make a brazen serpent and set it up for a sign: whosoever being struck shall look at it, shall live. Moses therefore made a brazen serpent, and set it up for a sign: when they that were bitten looked upon, they were healed." (*Numbers* 21, 8/9).

"No man has ascended into heaven except him who has descended from heaven: the Son of Man who is in heaven. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that those who believe in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting." (*John* 3, 13/15.)

★

OF ALL THE SYMBOLS of Christ in the Old Testament the Brazen Serpent certainly is the most "shocking" one. The serpent, symbol of sin and of Satan (*cf.* Genesis 3-1; Apoc. 12, 9): a picture of Christ! But seen in the light of the crucified Saviour the mysterious sign reveals its meaning. On the cross "He Who knew no sin was made sin for us, so that in Him we might be made the justice of God" (II Cor. 5, 21). Not a real serpent, but the brazen *likeness* of it was lifted up in the desert. So did Christ come in the *likeness* of sinful flesh (Rom. 8, 3), taking upon Himself the pains of sin, without sin (Hebr. 4, 15). As the serpent was lifted up on the pole, so He was lifted up on the cross, and as the likeness of the serpent was made of metal as a lasting memorial, so did the death of the Saviour become a lasting memorial in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

All those who are bitten by the serpents of their sins should turn to the crucified Saviour, to be healed from their wounds. Only one condition they have to fulfill. The Book of Wisdom points to it: "He that turned to the Brazen Serpent was not healed by that which he saw, but by Thee the Saviour of all. . . . For it is Thou, O Lord, that hast power of life and death, and leadest down to the gates of death and bringest back again" (*Wisdom* 16, 8/13). Only those who, looking at the crucified Saviour, say with the centurion under the cross: "Truly this man was the Son of God," will receive new and everlasting life.

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The Labor Movement

Social Action in Latin America

ALTHOUGH there is a lot of talk about the unity of the Western Hemisphere, the Good Neighbor Policy, the Avenue of the Americas (which remains firmly "Sixth Avenue" to all New Yorkers), it is still true that we feel ourselves a lot closer to Europe than we do to Latin America, with the possible exception of Mexico.

The average American knows a lot more about Albania than he does about Paraguay, about Sweden than about Brazil, about Spain than about Peru. Thanks to Peron, we have heard of Argentina. The rest is darkness.

There are a few people who are zealously trying to spread some light in the darkness. One of these is Father Raymond McGowan, director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Last summer Father McGowan helped to organize the Inter-American Catholic Social Action Confederation, which had its founding conference in Rio de Janeiro (that's in Brazil; Buenos Aires is in Argentina; the capital of Colombia is Bogota, or if it isn't, it ought to be).

About 100 delegates from 22 countries met and talked for several days. Most of them were lay people, but there were also bishops and priests. A number of Americans were there, including Bishop Alter of Toledo, Bishop Mulloy of Covington, Kentucky, and two delegates from the CIO. The ACTU couldn't send a delegate, but its 1948 convention had already voted to join the Confederation. This is a little late to be describing a conference held last summer, but recently the writer got his hands on an inside report of the thing and it was news—interesting news—to him and perhaps it will be to you.

These were some of the actions taken by the Conference:

"(a) It declared for the right of the workers freely to associate themselves in trade unions, with autonomy of status and action. It laid upon Catholics the moral responsibility to aid such union development."

This might seem a routine statement to some, but when you realize how dictatorial governments have smothered and strangled trade unionism in such countries as Brazil, where the Conference was being held, or Argentina, which we have heard about, or Peru, which we haven't, when you realize how wild-eyed radicals have discredited unionism south of the border, then the above comes through as a brave and creditable statement.

"(b) It pointed out that industrialism and planning ought to go hand in hand, if a high level of production is to be attained, if the standard of living is to be raised, and the material, intellectual and moral welfare of the people is to be improved. To that end it declared for an Industry Council Plan, composed of a Council of representatives of employers and unions with government participating but not dominating. Such a program, it believed, is in harmony with the proposals of Pope Pius XI's encyclical on the Social Order.

"(c) It adopted a resolution recommending cooperatives: first, consumers' cooperatives to provide food, clothing and domestic utensils—an urgent need; second, production cooperatives, located mainly in the urban areas; third, agricultural cooperatives for restoring the rural communities; and fourth, credit cooperatives or popular banks. . . .

"(d) It adopted a program for social education that . . . would concern itself with the observation and study of social facts and economic conditions, make judgment upon them in the light of Christian principles and provide for consequent action.

"(e) It declared for a rational and liberal immigration policy with particular reference to displaced persons."

*

BISHOP ALTER was impressive in the strong and forthright address he made to one of the opening sessions. Directing himself to the popular fallacy that the Popes' encyclicals and the social doctrine of the Church are vague, theoretical things which never descend from the clouds to grapple with concrete, earthy problems—a fallacy the writer has encountered in circles which know better—the Bishop enumerated "some of the specific objectives which have been endorsed by the official and duly accredited representatives of the Church."

These included: trade unionism and collective bargaining, "the right to strike under certain conditions," the living wage, family allowances, widows' pensions, "a system of social security for the unemployed and the aged," and "a system of prepayment of costs for medical or health care."

Continued Bishop Alter, "It (the Church) has denounced private monopolies of financial or industrial power which have exploited workingmen and the public for selfish interest. It has given public recognition to the need of government ownership or control whenever the nature of the public services or the common good requires a monopoly in order to safeguard the interests of the public."

John Brophy, one of the CIO delegates, spoke on the CIO's own Industry Council Plan, an address which was printed in THE COMMONWEAL some months back. All in all, the part taken by the American delegates was a progressive one, one which any objective person could clearly distinguish from the viewpoint of the bankers and businessmen and movie producers who represent the "Yanqui" mentality to the Latin Americans.

Our reporter concluded as follows: "While North American imperialism is still criticized to some extent in all walks of South American life, there is also the beginning of movements for a new deal for the underprivileged and oppressed in the Americas. The Social Action Conference at Rio de Janeiro was one of the better things and does the USA credit for inspiring better understanding, good will and cooperation between all the American peoples."

There remains now the temptation to fall for a kind of spiritual and intellectual imperialism in our relations with our fellow Catholics of Latin America. The executive officer of the Confederation is John Parr, an Amer-

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ican, and the headquarters are in Washington, D. C. Perhaps this was necessary. Perhaps we must take the lead every which way. But you can't help being conscious of the dangers in that approach.

Despite the highly vaunted unity and organization of the Catholic Church, the truth is that there has been little or no coordination between lay groups in this country, particularly those concerned with labor and social action, and similar groups in other countries. Here the Marxists are 'way ahead of us. European Catholic movements have been getting together and in February, 1948, formed their own *Association Internationale Chrétienne Sociale* at a meeting in St. Gall, Switzerland.

So now we are beginning to move. Let us keep moving by all means.

JOHN C. CORT.

OF NOTE

The Abbot Primate

THE WINTER issue of the semi-annual *Benedictine Review* of Atchison, Kansas, carries an article by Sister Teresa Ann Doyle, O.S.B., which in touching upon the American visit of the Most Reverend Bernard Kaelin, O.S.B., and describing his office, suggests certain of the distinguishing marks of the venerable Benedictine Order:

> Pope Leo XIII created in 1893 the office of Abbot Primate which, as far as Benedictine traditions and ideals are concerned, was unique in the history of the Order. The Holy Father saw that such an office would unite the various Benedictine congregations throughout the world and would make their influence more potent. Moreover he realized that should one man be delegated to represent the whole Order, it would simplify relations between the Holy See and the numerous houses and congregations scattered far and wide. The Abbot Primate is in effect the official representative to the Holy Father of all Black Monk Benedictine congregations.
>
> According to Abbot Butler the Benedictines do not constitute an order in the usual acceptance of that term. Unlike the Dominicans, the Franciscans, and the Jesuits, the Benedictines are not a "great centralized international religious" Order. Each religious house is an entity. "Benedictine strength," as Abbot Butler says, "lies in the strength of strong abbeys." Cardinal Gasquet, discerning student of history, asserts: "The results achieved by the monastic order have not been obtained by the exercise of power, but of influence. Their action upon society was that of personal influence, not that of the impersonal agency of the state."
>
> While each Benedictine house today, as in times past, is autonomous and possesses individual characteristics, expressive of national temperament or local needs, the idea of a confederation of monastic families is in accordance with Benedictine history and traditions. At the suggestion of the Holy See, monasteries organized into congregations in the fourteenth century, and this system of federation remains to the present time. Such a plan safeguards the individual community from abuses which might prove detrimental to monastic observance and at the same time insures the preservation of family life. While each congregation is empowered to elect its own abbot president who is the first of three ordinary abbatial visitators, invested with certain judicial functions and powers, he has no immediate jurisdiction over individual monasteries within the congregation. Saint Benedict entrusted this prerogative to the abbot, the father of the monastic family. The abbot president must be informed, however, on the condition of each monastery within the congregation, since he is obliged to send a report every five years concerning the moral and material state of his congregation to the Abbot Primate, "so that the condition of the entire order may be known to him."
>
> The office of the Abbot Primate does not correspond to that of a general in other Orders, nor is the position of the abbot president analogous to that of a provincial. In the spirit of the Rule the plenitude of authority is invested in the abbot of each monastery, who "is supposed to hold the place of Christ in the monastery" (Holy Rule, ch. 2).

Two Views of Nationalization

A RECENT English *Catholic Worker* pamphlet, "Social Justice for the People," cites the 1948 social message of the Australian hierarchy:

> . . . "nationalization of certain industries may be justified under certain conditions":
>
> (a) Nationalization of all the means of production would be wrong, and
>
> (b) The nationalization of industries which are capable of being conducted in small units cannot be reconciled with Christian thought, further,
>
> (c) That a system which, while avoiding complete nationalization, extends public ownership far beyond what is required by the common good is opposed to Christian teaching.
>
> While all these safeguards must be stressed, yet "under present conditions there are certain forms of enterprise and industry which are of quite extraordinary importance to the community and which may legitimately come under public control in one form or another, although not necessarily by means of nationalization.
>
> "Among these are banking and insurance, the manufacture of steel and heavy chemicals, rail, sea, and air transport, public utility services (electricity, gas, tramways), armaments. . . . Some of these concerns are no doubt efficiently conducted, but the question of efficiency is of secondary importance only. These are the industries which, if they remain in the hands of uncontrolled private bodies, confer upon those bodies the 'dominating power' referred to by Pius XI. This power is 'so great that it cannot without danger to the general welfare be entrusted to

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private individuals' (Quad. Anno). . . . Crude iron and steel and basic chemicals are the primary material without which a multitude of other industries cannot exist. Those who exercise a monopolistic control over the supply of these commodities possess a virtually unlimited power over the nation's economy. . . . These are therefore the very types of industry referred to by Pope Pius XI. If not publicly owned, they should at least be placed under very strict Government supervision."

According to the January *People and Freedom,* organ of Don Sturzo's Christian Democratic following in England:

> The major case for nationalization is threefold. Once its function is stated we immediately begin to see the cases where it does not apply. Some concerns are natural monopolies. The beginning of the establishment of a state-owned electric grid took place under a Conservative government. Where there is a natural monopoly there is a strong case for placing the controls and, if need be, the ownership, in the hands of the national (or, in the Alps, the international) community. It can be argued that the land is also a natural monopoly, in a rather different sense; and the Liberal Party has therefore advocated the national ownership of land. Secondly, in the cases of vital or staple industries of a country —sometimes, as with steel, cartelized before the war—inefficient management or mistaken judgments may result in vast unemployment, for which the taxpayer has to pay; and these may damage the whole international standing of that country. Here the citizen and taxpayer, as well as the worker producer who risks the incidence of mass unemployment due to no personal fault of his own, has every right to a say on how things are run. Finally, institutions such as the Bank of England, although not large scale employers, may be in a position by their decisions to affect the lives and pockets of every citizen. The private position of the Bank of England was always something of an anomaly, without parallel in the case of the other great national banks of issue. As the *Observer* recently pointed out, its power was originally clipped by the decision to go off gold, in 1931, leaving the Treasury thereby in control of money policy; and formal nationalization has, if anything, served to restore the power of the Bank's directors.
>
> If we have here the case for nationalization, then we can readily see where the argument does not apply. It does not apply to concerns whose business policy does not affect everybody, and where there is no question of labor problems assuming national dimensions. Further, it certainly does not apply in the case of concerns, such as the Press, primarily powerful in terms not of mass employment or of staple production, but of effect upon opinion. The Radio was "nationalized," in the sense that a monopoly charter was given to the B.B.C., under Mr. Baldwin's administration in 1926. It seems from many angles to have been a very foolish decision.

The Stage & Screen

Death Of A Salesman

THE TITLE of Arthur Miller's fine play is exact: depicting, as it does, an American tragedy. The author examines his hero at the moment of catastrophe, welding this fine moment of doom to all the crucial instances of the man's past life. The result is a drama which in the writing, as well as in the extraordinary performances, is surely the most important we have had since the earlier O'Neill. It is as experimental as it is classical (in scheme), and it is as emotionally moving as it is socially terrifying.

One can, of course, get stupidly engaged in any number of academic definitions of a hero. And it is true that at the instant when we first meet Willy Loman, Salesman, he is a self-confessed failure, a broken man. However, there is no subsequent question that Willy has been a hero to himself in the past; and that he has been a hero to his sons. He has been (and is) something more than this to his wife—her husband, whom she loves—but in Willy's scheme of things the importance of this realization comes when it is too late. When we first meet him, he has turned back from a projected trip to his "territory": he can no longer make the grade, he can no longer "sell," he's tired. It's true the territory is the same, but the faces are different; nobody knows him, or better, nobody remembers him. Back home, in the shabby little Brooklyn house which he is just about to own ("God, for once I'd like to own something before it's broken down"), he finds material reality staring him in the face. His younger son, a superficial, entirely selfish boy, is upstairs asleep; his adored elder son, home on a brief visit from another of his hobo trips about the country, is also asleep; his wife is again mending her stockings. In all the years Willy has been selling them, he has never seemed to be able to give her a brand new pair. In this spiritual shambles, Willy begins remembering, and thereafter we travel between his memories and the several hours he allows himself of life. In the nostalgic sphere, we learn how deliberately, gaily even, he has prepared his own doom: how he has cheated the characters of his children, refusing to recognize the older boy's psychopathic compulsion to steal, insisting only that he "sell" himself, and that "selling" is all; how he has consistently mocked his plodding devoted neighbor and that neighbor's studious son; how he has betrayed his wife, and what that betrayal meant to his boy. Interspersed with these scenes, we now watch Willy's final day. He is fired; a last grand scheme for the redemption of his sons comes to nothing; the final humiliation of a job offered by his neighbor he must proudly refuse! Willy arrives at death. There is an added dimension to this death since throughout the play we have caught glimpses of Willy's true vision. This is personified in his brother Ben who, I judge, the author has planned as his hero's alter ego. Ben "walked into the jungle and three years later came

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out with a million"; Ben shot off to Alaska to "get in on the ground floor"; Ben was never afraid of new territories, new faces, no smiles. In the end, Ben's last territory—Death—earns Willy Loman's family $20,000 insurance money, and a chance for them finally to accomplish his dream: a dream of which they have never been capable, *in* which they also can only be buried: the old "million" dream. This is indeed the "Death Of A Salesman." Mr. Miller's grasp of the American irony is absolute.

It is also important to add that the playwright's handling of his technical problems is as sure. The question of presenting nostalgia—memory—on the stage has been gone over again and again in this column. In an introspective age, if retrospection cannot be dramatized, i.e., *acted,* there is no excuse for the theater at all. Mr. Miller has accomplished it. He employs no past tense of speech; he employs no species of narrator, nor any sudden, creaking change of scene, nor any prismatic set of light clues. What clues there are are so woven into the lines of his characters that one finds oneself as naturally viewing his hero's thirtieth year as his sixtieth and last. It is true, without a script in hand, I am unable to trace how much of this smoothness is due Elia Kazan's direction, but I will hazard that the invention has been as firmly written into the script as everything else. (However, there is again something of the American irony in noting that Mr. Kazan's name appears in all advertisement twice for Mr. Miller's once.)

I do not think I exaggerate in calling the performances extraordinary. Lee J. Cobb, Mildred Dunnock and Arthur Kennedy are the first actors to remember, but the entire cast would seem to be inspired by its play. In fact, even the promotion seems inspired, to the extent that there has been no promotion at all, and no need for it. It looks like Broadway just might be growing up to the round world. (*At the Morosco.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Just Around the Corner

LOVE IS WHAT many foolish young stenos think will be the answer to all their problems: they have only to continue typing for their bosses for a couple of years and then some handsome man will turn up some day and offer them everything on a silver platter. Hollywood, conscious of these day dreams, designs many of its movies for this audience; and this week's batch, although it shows that love does not always run smoothly, is typical.

In *"Caught,"* pretty Barbara Bel Geddes, who is studying to be a model, dreams of the handsome young millionaire who will one day rescue her from the work-a-day world. Poor Barbara doesn't realize when this millionaire turns up (in the person of Robert Ryan) that he is really a very psychopathic young millionaire who is in the midst of psycho-analysis. He has been warned by his analyst not to get married now; but in a fit of pique against the doctor and impressed with his own power, this millionaire dashes out and marries Barbara who soon learns that life in a Long Island mansion is not always a thing of ease. When she fails to reform Robert, she walks out on him; and in spite of her training as a model and as the wife of a millionaire, she gets and keeps a job as receptionist in a doctor's office. Because this doctor is a very swell guy and is played by none other than James Mason in his first American picture, you can soon see what's going to happen—so there's not much point in my going on with details that get very involved when Barbara returns to her husband for a short while, becomes pregnant and then has a real conflict to face when her husband says he will divorce her if she will give him the baby. The strange thing about this picture is that Director Max Opuls was able to get pretty good performances from his three leads. You may think it even more strange that the film was made at all; but you must remember that this is just the kind of a pipe-dream that wows 'em at the box-office.

I didn't see *"John Loves Mary"* when this Norman Krasna comedy was on the stage, but now, having seen the movie version, I can't for the life of me figure out why the original ran so long. It is an endlessly tedious piece about a soldier who married his buddy's sweetheart in England just so this girl could be brought to America. The soldier's real fiancée in New York cannot understand why John is so reluctant to lead her to the altar. Of course John really loves Mary, but there is this English wife—who is very much in the way now that John's buddy has married someone else and is about to become a father. If you really care how this comes out, you can see it for yourself; but I assure you that no matter how the good cast (Ronald Reagan as John, Patricia Neal as Mary, Jack Carson as the befuddled buddy, Virginia Field as the extra wife) try, they cannot make a movie out of this exercise that tosses marriage around like a football. Without even trying, Edward Arnold manages to steal the show from the younger generation with his caricature of a U. S. Senator.

Marriage gets pushed around rather vehemently in *"My Dear Secretary"* too. In fact the novelist, played by Kirk Douglas, seems to think that marriage and mink coats are all part of the act when he hires a secretary. He finally gets a gal (Laraine Day) who puts him in his place; but this film's feeble efforts to shock you into laughter are so pathetic that you only deplore the complete waste of all this talent which also includes Keenan Wynn, Helen Walker and Rudy Vallee. Nothing falls flatter than a flat comedy.

Unless it is a flat melodrama. And *"A Woman's Secret"* is a very flat melodrama. Perhaps this wouldn't be so noticeable if the whole film weren't so pretentious and glossy with so much ado about a lot of nonsense. Its story is about a has-been singer who insists that she shot her protégé. Flashbacks reveal that the protégé was quite a tramp, but hardly the type who would attempt suicide; and one wonders what this film would have been like if it hadn't been tampered with so much by its makers. I don't think its distorted Trilby themes were ever very carefully thought out. And certainly the finished picture has little to do with the motives that make real people act like people. For the benefit of those who are sure that love conquers all, it must be said that lovely

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Maureen O'Hara, who plays the ex-singer, has only her pianist, Melvyn Douglas, to console her; whereas Gloria Grahame, who puts every innuendo into the tramp rôle, has many boys whistling at her—including Bill Williams and Victor Jory. But she's the one who gets shot. Girls, you better stick to your typewriters.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books

Union Guy. Clayton W. Fountain. Viking. $2.75.

"I AM RUNNING as hard as I can beside the marching facts, pointing at them." These words—used some years ago by an English historian in defining the nature of his work—indicate Mr. Fountain's job in this book. But he does more than run beside the facts: he marches with them. In telling the story of his life he tells the story of the rise of a great labor union—and his share in that rise.

Clayton Fountain was born in Michigan forty years ago. In 1928 he joined the ranks of the Detroit auto workers as a helper in the stamping department of the Packard Motor Company. Then came a swing through the South and a return to Detroit, where, early in 1930, he got a job as a laborer with the city lighting commission. In February 1931, the depression passed him a lay-off slip. During the next two and one-half years he was jobless. For his family of four he collected $4.90 a week from the Detroit Welfare Authority. Finally, in July 1933, he again got a job, this time in the Chevrolet plant of General Motors.

Three years later he became a member of the United Automobile Workers-CIO. In May of that year he joined the Communist Party—"The first group I had found who claimed to have an answer to economic disaster." A year and a half later he quit.

His reasons for doing so—together with his comments on standard Communist tactics—are a valuable part of this book. "I learned that Communists," he says, "are not really interested in doing things for the workers as such; they are interested in power harnessed to serve Russia . . . they prefer to lose most of their day-to-day battles with the capitalists. A battle lost to an employer, to a landlord or to a hostile government executive gives the party its best opportunity to beat the drums for the 'final conflict' to overthrow Capitalism."

After leaving the party, Mr. Fountain figured in the activities of a little group known as "New America"—a brave and valuable bunch of people, they seem to be from his account of them here. Where are they now? He worked with Eddie Levinson, UAW-CIO Publicity Director, to whose memory this book is dedicated, was selected as an "administrative handyman" by Walter Reuther, and became active in the General Motors strike of 1945-46. I think his report of that strike, and the compromise that ended it, is a "must" for any one interested in labor-management relations today.

The closing chapters in this vigorous story tell of Walter Reuther's election to the presidency of the UAW-CIO (and his fashioning of a reply to his own question, "Can we fill our bellies without enslaving our souls?"), of Fountain's liking for the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists ("Speaking for myself only, I would say that the ACTU has made an important contribution to the ousting of Communists and fellow-travelers from the UAW-CIO leadership."), and of some of the goals of the union: "getting wage increases without price increases, building co-ops, winning health plans, promoting racial equality, and strengthening the rôle of the union in every kind of social endeavor."

This is an important and an illuminating book. It will be attacked and approved, it will be ignored and laughed at. But it cannot be laughed off. It gets down on paper facts and details that too few of us know about —or care about. It tells of the-way-it-is and indicates the-way-it-might-be in the lives of millions of ordinary, every-day Americans. It adds to our awareness: but what is added is as much question as exclamation. It is easy to say, "Oh, that's interesting. I never knew that!" It is harder to say, "If that is true, I must do something about it." It is hardest of all to say, "Even though it means a change in my life, I'm ready to do something. Where shall I start?"

MURRAY HICKEY LEY.

The Young Henry Adams. Ernest Samuels. Harvard. $4.50.

MASSACHUSETTS has long rejoiced in a dual tradition of biography: in addition to the official, laudatory lives of her great men by duly ordained hands guided by a strict sense of the decencies and of the duty to raise heroic models for posterity, there have been numerous unauthorized and sometimes scurrilous accounts of these same men, devoted to cutting them down to human or subhuman size. Fear of that tradition may have been in the back of Henry Adams' mind when he wrote *The Education* and otherwise discouraged the attentions of future biographers; no doubt it has been responsible for the omissions and expurgations practiced by the editors of his letters, and for the difficulty of access to the family papers. Tradition dies hard in New England; and because of that fact and the inherent difficulty of the task we have lacked an adequate biography of Adams, who perhaps has more to say to us than any American writer of his generation.

This scholarly volume is not that book, but it supplies the factual account of Adams' early life which has long been needed to correct the distortions, suppressions, and errors of the first part of the ironic and self-mocking *Education*. That American classic is not, of course, "an autobiography," as another hand subtitled it after Adams' death; but rather a study of the influential forces of Adams' age, "A Study in Twentieth Century Multiplicity" in his own words. Mr. Samuels has wisely refused to regard it as a primary source, and has turned instead to the contemporary record and the wealth of new material which has been brought to light as Adams has acquired increasing significance for our time. The author has produced an admirable synthesis of much scholarship and shed some new light of his own on Adams' career before the famous gap in *The Education*. *The Young Henry Adams* is strong on facts and weak in interpretation; its literary judgments are often academic and its historical background unintegrated; and it lacks the continuity and fascination of *The Education* for the general reader.

But Mr. Samuels did not attempt to write "a definitive or complete biography of the earlier Henry Adams."

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He aimed at a "coherent body of fact with a modicum of interpretation," and he has provided a book which is extremely useful to students of Adams. The need for a full-scale biography which will solve the Adams enigma remains. This book helps to clear the way for it, while making still more apparent the difficulty of discovering the true Henry Adams, who covered his intellectual tracks with the skill of a woodsman, who moved with Leonardo-like facility in half a dozen fields of knowledge, and who summarized his life and thought with a felicity of phrase which falsely suggests finality.

MASON WADE.

Shakespearian Tragedy. H. B. Charlton. Macmillan. $3.75.

THERE ARE today three main kinds of Shakespearian criticism. The first two are centered on the staging of the plays and the establishment of the text. Critics of the third, or Modern, group are nominally interested in the higher mysteries, such as Shakespeare's Poetic Imagery or his World Picture or his Cosmic System; actually most of them are trying to order their own chaotic views on the universe with Shakespeare's help. Professor Charlton's book belongs to this last class. As he states in the concluding chapters: "For Shakespeare, his tragedies were experiences, things apprehended through the whole of his sentient nature. They were not merely ideas. Yet it is not improper that his readers, trying to fit the tragic experience which he communicates to them into the system of their own apprehension of life, should endeavor to translate that experience into the discursive idiom within which they are trying to make their own sense of life intellectually coherent."

Professor Charlton's own approach to the larger problems of the universe can be gathered from such observations as these: "In the end, Shakespeare watches nature-in-man, or human nature, visibly making morality, shaping it in the creative mind by some ultimate and mysterious impulse in him for which the name may well be God." . . . "What, in fact, is this arbiter, this guide, this 'conscience,' as its name is now reverentially inscribed on the solemn roll of moral statutes? *Macbeth* explores imaginatively and dramatically the operations of the human conscience as it worked in a spiritual epoch before it had been precisely named and before it had been provided with letters-patent variously formulated according to the authority of sectarian synods." . . . "Morally, the trend of their [i.e., Hamlet's fellows'] conscious or unconscious philosophic faith is towards a creed of more or less humanized rationalism and a code of conduct which is social rather than religious in its criteria. They are, in fact, men such as we are." . . . "Evil is inhuman: Sin is unnaturalness rather than unrighteousness."

Nevertheless Professor Charlton does not regard himself as a modern but as a critic of 1904 vintage, an ardent Bradleyite. His professed purpose is to show that "the tragic dramatist has a larger awareness than ours, and the profit of it to us is not so much that he diminishes the ultimate mystery, but that he enables us to grasp the knowable and the mysterious as elements in a potential universe, a cosmic system whose laws in the end are inscrutable, but indisputably are laws." Bradley was chiefly concerned with Shakespeare's characters, and his analyses of their motives and personalities were superb,

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even if over-elaborate. Not the least of Bradley's gifts was a lucid and charmingly modest style. Professor Charlton is less happily endowed. He becomes so fascinated by the cosmic issues that he is too often betrayed into a macrocosmic turgidity of style in such a typical sentence as this: "To secure the end, however, the first requisite is the conjuring of a circumambient atmosphere from and within which an elemental human world may have its being, a rude and simple universe wherein life and man are both at their beginnings, fresh from nature's moulds, a universe of nature whose turbulent winds and flashing lightnings are macrocosmic passions resurgent in the anger and the lust of its aboriginal human denizens."

As criticism of Shakespeare's plays the book is hardly to be reckoned as a "landmark," but it contains some acute observations on individual characters and the detailed examinations of Shakespeare's deviations from his sources are valuable. Professor Charlton gives a chapter to each of the Great Four Tragedies, and a shorter notice of six others—of which three are Histories.

Librarians doubtless will catalogue *Shakespearian Tragedy* under "Shakespeare" in the subject index; it should be included also under "Theology—miscellaneous."

G. B. HARRISON.

My Brother Denys. Nicholas Monsarrat. Knopf. $2.75.

"MY BROTHER DENYS" is a sensitive, and at times quite beautiful picture of the growth of a young man. That the subject of this picture is more clearly Mr. Monsarrat than his brother Denys in no wise detracts from this. The book professes to be a memoir for Denys, but it would seem to be more nearly Mr. Monsarrat's memoir for his own youth. The reader is left with a much more clear portrait of the character of the author than of Denys. But the story does not suffer from this. Rather, it gains a closeness and depth of understanding which might otherwise be lacking.

Mr. Monsarrat begins his story with the birth of Denys in Liverpool in 1914. From there he traces the growth of the family: through its summers at the Trearddur Bay resort, which made a lasting impression upon him; through a succession of houses which linger in his memory in various ways; through the market crash and its effect upon the family; through the separation of his parents, the gradual dissolution of the family, and into the first years of the late war.

The autobiographical character of the story has one drawback. The writing itself tends to reflect the tone of Mr. Monsarrat's memories. For that reason his account of the early years has a mellowness and uncritical attitude about it which contrasts rather sharply with what he writes of the years just before and during World War II. The elegiac note gives way first to a bitterness and slight bohemianism, and then to signs of inner confusion which may jar the sensibilities of some readers. It is only in the last few lines that he returns to anything approaching the nostalgic sensitivity of the earlier writing. However, with even this one defect, "My Brother Denys" emerges as a moving picture of things past—one which

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will many times stir old memories in the mind of the reader, and set him to dreaming in much the way Mr. Monsarrat has done. JAMES O. FREDERICK.

Radio Listening In America. Paul F. Lazerfeld and Patricia Kendall. Prentice-Hall. $2.50.

LONG BEFORE Truman's election made the Princes of counting stutter a bit, my local delicatessen man used to warn me against the polls. "Did they ever ask *me?*" he would exclaim. "Has Gallup ever been in my store? I could tell Roper all sorts of things he doesn't know about salami." It's a free country, and one is allowed reservations about other people's statistics.

So it is now, with Lazerfeld and Kendall, analyzers and researchers for the Bureau of Applied Social Research at Columbia University, and Clyde Hart, too, Director of the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago, tabulating and evaluating their heads off, and spending a pretty penny, and letting so many sleeping dogs lie. I'd give them all in exchange for the wise and witty journalism of one hardy listener and free-spoken critic on one metropolitan newspaper: young John Crosby of the *New York Herald Tribune.* The only trouble with Crosby is that he makes reading *about* radio more interesting than listening *to* what any of the wavelengths are saying.

What American listeners need is more forthright comparisons between what our people get in the way of dissemination of cultural heritage, compared with other nations, more about the drama of opposing "facts," and true accounts of who controls income and opinion by way of ownership in radio. The present volume serves no public purpose to the listener and perhaps was not intended to. It charts a little of what everybody who listens at all has the hang of, contains no bright declarative suggestions, and no vivid picture of what the "better radio" (toward which it is hinted we are extending our ears) is going to be. Both my delicatessen dealer and I are allergic to set questions and anonymous answerers, however tabulated, as likely to lead anywhere but to more of the status quo.

ERNESTINE EVANS.

The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. John Dickson Carr. Harper. $3.50.

"BLAZON me this shield!" Mary Doyle ordered her ten-year-old son, Arthur. Back in 1869 Arthur Conan Doyle could blazon all the escutcheons of his distinguished forebears, and thereafter he was always blazoning shields for one cause or another. This strict early education in heraldry seems to have formed the indomitable, chivalrous crusader that was Conan Doyle.

The creator of Sherlock Holmes, although Irish by birth, was fiercely devoted to his England. He never stopped fighting in the small camps, for the good of his country. He served as a doctor during the Boer War, and in a far-sighted advisory capacity during World War I, being over-age for active combat duty. There were many highly involved criminal puzzles which he solved. A tremendous, rushing sportsman, an M.D., an historian and novelist and playwright, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's versatility in his many spheres of action was never half-hearted. England and the world soon began to wait for every move, every opinion of this amazingly prodigious man.

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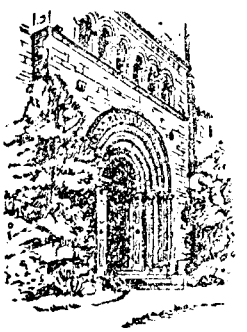

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If Sherlock Holmes had been the only contribution that Conan Doyle had made, that universally esteemed detective would have assured his creator everlasting fame.

John Dickson Carr, no mean writer of mystery stories himself, has done a vital and exciting portrait of Sir Arthur. His biography is a bit too awe-struck and worshipping, but Mr. Carr has written with high humor and evident understanding of a man who must have been not easy to have about the house!

Conan Doyle was born into a staunchly Catholic family, but by the time he was twenty-two "he had discarded Catholicism. Like the historian Gibbon, whom he much admired, he remained a materialist. It was true . . . that you must imply a Creator if you saw the universe only as a vast clockwork phenomenon swinging in a vacuum; even clockwork must have a designer. . . . What he could not find was any evidence for the existence of a human soul."

Knowing this, it is not to be wondered that the bouncing Sir Arthur, in his late years, was forced to turn to some religious substitute, and that substitute was Spiritualism. He literally gave his life for it, travelling thousands of miles on lecture tours, writing articles feverishly and endlessly, reading constantly all the psychic material he could lay his hands on. Conan Doyle, it seems, never did things by halves. Undoubtedly his profound convictions about the reality of Spiritualism brought him some solace and hope and courage as it did to so many others after the First World War.

Mr. Carr fortunately has resisted any attempt to draw conclusions on this aspect of Conan Doyle's life or any other. He *has* presented a fascinating great giant to us at a time when the world is being run chiefly by evil Gargantuas and little men. ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

Agnes Repplier, Lady of Letters. George Stewart Stokes. University of Pennsylvania. $3.00.

THIS pleasant study of the noted American essayist touches on a number of points about the circles in which Miss Repplier moved. But the emphasis is on her published writings beginning with the 1880's, when she first established herself as an author with the *Catholic World*, edited by Father Hecker.

CONTRIBUTORS

Helmuth VON MOLTKE was heir to the great von Moltke, a Junker, Prussian, and large landowner. He was not what might have been expected, nor was his career expected—which ended with execution by the Nazis.

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Next Week

EVELYN WAUGH: "Pricking Against the Kicks." At the turn of the year Mr. Waugh was quoted in the British press, and naturally very widely over here, to this effect: "It is almost impossible for a man to live a good life in the United States. They heat their rooms to 75 degrees, then they nail the windows down so that you suffocate. They have colored bubble gum. Their radios are on all day. And they talk too much." In THE COMMONWEAL next week Evelyn Waugh gives the true story of this interview and what he really thinks.

MAX FISCHER: "Contemporary German Writers." The emphasis in this highly informative article is on newer Christian writers who have come to the fore in Germany in the last three or four years, notably: Reinhold Schneider, Elisabeth Langgaesser and Ernst Juenger.

DAMASUS WINZEN continues his series on "Symbols of Christ" which begins in this week's issue. **W. H. AUDEN** contributes a new poem, "A Walk After Dark."

Also editorial comment on the news of the week, Catholic International News, and revealing reviews of current books, plays and movies.

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